

NOE The Valley Voice

"24TH STREET IS A GREAT PLACE TO DO ANYTHING."

Dracula Revived At SF Rep

The Count's New Flap

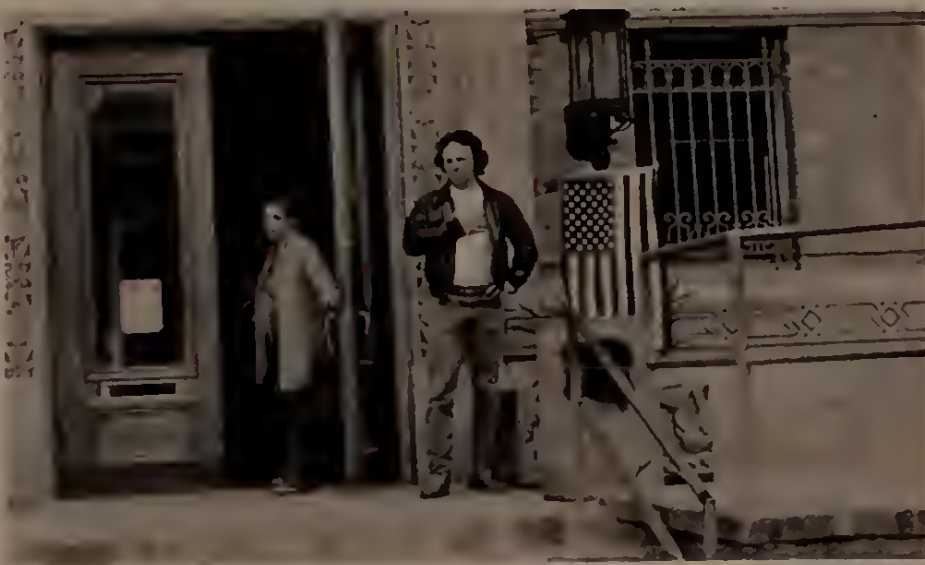
A vampire in San Francisco? No, you say? You don't believe in vampires? Well, a couple of weeks ago I sat in a local pub having a couple of brews with the Count himself while he bent my ear about a couple of problems he had.

It seems he has lost his fortune over the last century and has had to get a job. He has held a lot of jobs during this time, the best of which were the midnight to dawn shifts, doing anything. He has had a tough time keeping those jobs though, for when a vampire is happy at his job it proves to be too big of a drain on the other employees. So the Count has to be a little unhappy about his job and work days. Working days, however, does not improve his relationship with his fellow employees who are constantly complaining that he sleeps too much on his job and would be liable for a pink slip if they didn't carry him. The Count is currently working at the Nae Valley Bar and Grill as a cook during the day in a dimly lit kitchen. As day jobs go, he likes it, especially the stained glass windows from cemetery mausoleums that adorn the place.

Working is but a minor problem for the Count. What is actually keeping him up nights is the fact that no one is afraid of him anymore. According to the Count, Hollywood has distorted his image by picturing him as a relatively unattractive man with a pale complexion and a dental problem. This author can testify that Hollywood is absolutely wrong about the Count, for he is a handsome man with a dark complexion. Block, in fact. He does, however, have a dental problem. "Being block," the Count said, "gives the wrong impression to my intended victim. When I finally let the bot out of the bog," he chuckled, "and tell them I'm going to put the bite on them, they always reach for their

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Voters to A & B: It's T-Time



Nae Valley citizens exercising their right to vote.

Photo by Tom Frenkel

Case of the Disappearing Streetcar

By Sarah Smith

The sudden disappearance of the "J"-line streetcars from Church Street July 20 caused wild speculation that neighborhood vandalism had reached a new level of depravity.

It was rumored that same Snidely Whiplash had absconded with the quaint green cars, permanently replacing them with a fleet of exhaust-spewing buses.

Whither guest thou, O "J", and wilt thou ever return? cried concerned Nae Valley commuters.

Fear not, treedle-treaders, the J-Church as we know it is alive and well in a Municipal Railway maintenance barn,

and that all creak-and-grind will be heard once more.

The 61-year-old vehicles are undergoing long overdue repairs, and will be returned to the tracks around Sept. 1.

Rino Bei, program manager of Muni's \$225 million Transit Improvement Project, said the six-week substitution of buses for streetcars was due to a shortage of operational cars.

This shortage came about because Muni's servicing operations had been held up by a move to a new maintenance facility at 2301 San Jose Ave.

"Because of this move and getting set up in the new shop,

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There Was a Church That Had a Basement And Bingo Was It's Game

"Oh shake 'em up Barney. Throw that one away!"

Paying no attention, Barney stands alone on the platform in front of the crowded basement. Clad in Adidas sneakers and a soiled Coca-Cola apron, he chews on his cigar as he reaches for another ping-pong ball.

"G39," he barks and the crowd erupts in disgruntled chatter as the call of "Bingo" echoes through the hall.

If it's Tuesday night, this must be St. Phillip's Church, for every Tuesday night at 8 -- or Saturday after noon at 1 -- the basement of the church is transformed into a bustling Bingo parlor. Each game entices about 100 people, many of them retired folk, most of them parishioners and several of them serious enough about the game to bring their own Bingo boards and markers, reserve their lucky chairs

Continued on Page 4

By Corey Michaels

When District Five in general, and Nae Valley in particular, raised its well organized and king-size foot, no one really knew how true its aim would be. The voters kicked political demagoguery and abstractionism in the derriere so hard that John Barbogelata may not sit down until after he cleans out his desk and retires to the country club set, where his own kind can delicately apply the ointment.

Noe Valley and the District so brusquely turned back Barbogelata's pathetic attempt to embarrass Mayor George Moscone and unhinge district elections that the results also convinced four of Barbogelata's allies on the Board of Supervisors not to seek re-election.

But in defeat, Barbogelata showed a certain capacity for honesty and candor.

"I got kicked in the ass," he told a band of supporters.

The overwhelming rejection of Props. A and B in District Five was a primary reason for his soreness.

It turned out an 82 to 18 percent tally against Proposition B, the attempt to force Mayor Moscone and other top city officials to run for re-election after having served only half of their four-year terms.

That vote was the highest of any district in the city, as was the 77 to 23 percent denunciation of Prop. A, the measure that would have voided Prop. T and the chance for residents to elect 11 supervisors by district rather than citywide.

Although District Five is heavily liberal and Democratic, the back-slapping results of this election were produced by a herculean effort of organizing by diverse, often rival groups, who were bitterly opposed to status quo politics.

John and Kay Pochtner, who headed the Nae Valley chapter of San Franciscans for District Elections, said they got over 100 steady volunteers involved, conducted three canvasses of the Valley's 21 voting precincts, and then received an added boost from organized labor in the campaign's last days.

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Editorial

Let's hope the filibuster is over. Let's hope the buzzing of the B's has been silenced.

Surely the defeat of Impositions A and B is proof of the voters' serious intention to have a voice in San Francisco's future. The district system of supervisorial elections should finally put an end to big money control of City government and afford equal representation to all parts of the City.

So cap that poison pen, Barbogelata. File that 22,147-signature petition in the Box. Crote up that \$450,000 ballot box and ship it to the Chamber. C.O.D. Start cleaning out your locker, Jahn.

District elections have arrived. Zippety-doo-dah.

Neighborhood Groups

Fourth of a Series

By Deborah Phelan

Business and Professional Association of Noe Valley

The Business and Professional Association of Noe Valley was founded in 1975 when a group of local merchants dropped out of the Noe Valley Merchant's Association to form their own organization.

"We no longer had a voice in the other association," Horry Aleo, president of the Business and Professional Association said. "They had their philosophies and views and they totally dominated the meetings at the time on any issue."

The association now has "at least as many" members as the Merchants' Association, Aleo said.

"We were the merchants for the last twenty years," he said. "We're the ones who made the improvements."

Numbered among the merchants who now belong to the association are Bell Market, Plote's Bakery, Castro Pharmacy and Eliso's Beauty Salon and Sauna.

Aleo cited the installing of stop signs, the improvement of street lighting and the building of the parking lot on 24th Street between Noe and Castro Streets. Their most recent project was moving the bench put at the bus stop on the corner of Castro and Noe Streets.

Discussing the proposed downzoning of 24th Street, Aleo said that his association is in favor of "maintaining a reasonable balance between businesses and residences on the street."

"We believe in trying to maintain the character, the livability of the area," he said. "We're for anything that's for the good of the district as a whole."

Special Election

Continued from Page 1

One of these last efforts was placing voter information on the front doorknobs of every registered voter in the Valley.

"To do the door-hanging takes an incredible number of feet," John Potchner said.

"The Yes on A and B people didn't have the bodies to do that."

The story ending signified "a whole structural reform," he said. "You know what we did? We just fired 11 supervisors."

Koy Potchner, who is Noe Valley's candidate for City treasurer, said the election proved that different groups could work jointly to achieve the "bigger aim."

Now that one ticklish political issue has been decided, the "fun" is about to begin anew, and the question is, can District Five retain its strength, skills and unanimity in the face of the upcoming district elections? So far 15 residents have announced they want the City Hall job.

The announced candidates are Andrew Betoncourt, Natalie Bey, Jim Eomshow, Shelley Fernandez, Rita George, Edward Groham, Ron Green, Robert T. Hagen, Terence Hollinon, Morjorie Mortin, Horvey Milk, Jack Schamikles, Richard Stokes, Vahon Toolovion and Alfred W. Williams.

Letters to the Editor

Editor:

While sitting in my favorite drinking and pool place one day last month, a staff person from the Noe Valley Voice asked me what kind of work I do. Well, I told him I'm an organizer for the Community Board Program which is an alternative to the Court System.

I've been working in Visitation Valley trying to organize some community panels. These panels are made up of people who live in that area and are concerned with the way the Court System doesn't work, how it doesn't serve people. The Panels are going to try to deal with some of the disputes and minor offenses that happen in their community. Their job isn't finding guilt or innocence--it's coming up with a resolution to a problem that satisfies the people involved in the beef and the community.

When a hassle happens in an area, it not only hurts the folks involved. It hurts everybody in the neighborhood. What these panels are doing is being the voice of the community at large in trying to settle problems at home without going to the courts or police.

These panels will be getting cases from local residents, schools, merchants and some cases will be referred by the police before arrest. Landlord-tenant problems, neighborly disputes, consumer complaints, disputes between groups and individuals will be handled by the panels.

What we hope to do is get the entire community involved in a real and human way in solving their own problems. It is open to people, their problems and complaints.

Classifieds

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When asked why I wasn't doing the program here in Noe Valley, I explained that I didn't know whether or not people and organizations here would want it. It was suggested that I write this for the Noe Valley Voice and try to get a response. So, here it is. You can reach me at 552-1250.

Bruce Thomas
149 9th Street
San Francisco 94103

Editor:

The families of Noe Valley Co-op Nursery School would like to thank you for the complimentary article you wrote. It is sure to generate a good deal of interest in our school. It also gives those involved a well deserved pat on the back.

Thank you.

Sondra P. Easley
Secretary
Noe Valley Co-op

The Noe Valley Voice welcomes letters from readers regarding articles, features and editorials. Send your letters to 3762 22nd Street, San Francisco, Co. 94114.

THE NOE VALLEY VOICE

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Local Ms. Applies Dollars and Sense To New Women's Savings and Loan

By Corey Michaels

After 10 years of working as an accountant and another 15 years owning and operating bars and restaurants in San Francisco, Charlotte N. Coleman is about to embark on a new career -- one for which she has no experience.

Coleman, a Noe Valley resident, is a board director and a founding member of the First Women's Savings and Loan Association, one of the few of its kind in the nation.

Although there have been other associations geared towards women, this is one of the first run primarily by women. The association, set to open in September at Sacramento and Battery Streets, has only two men among its 30 policy makers.

Coleman, who has also served as a Store Keeper third classman in the Coast Guard, said she decided to retire from the bar business two years ago. "Fifteen years is plenty for that," she said of her bars, which included The Mint on Market Street.

Her retirement didn't last long. She kept bumping into Carol Ruth Silver, who then was making an unsuccessful bid for District Attorney. Silver kept mentioning the idea of opening a women's S and L.

"We got together after the campaign," Coleman said. "We had a meeting and decided that was the thing for us to do." Silver is also a board director.

Coleman, who candidly admits she has no banking experience, said she did not mind coming out of her brief retirement. "I'm a person who always

works," she said. "It was something new and different and it always intrigued me."

Coleman, a high school graduate, has been living in San Francisco for 30 years and in Noe Valley on 21st Street for 12 years. She has been active in community affairs in addition to operating her businesses.

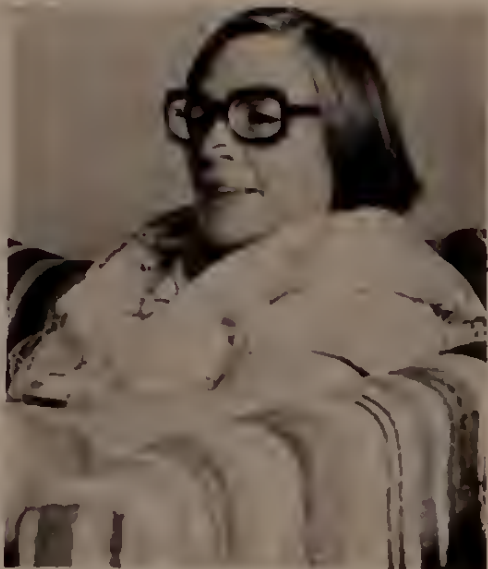


Photo by Tom Frenkel

Charlotte Coleman, a board director of women's savings and loan.

She said there has long been a need for an institution that understands and is sensitive to women's needs.

"Women have credit problems" at most financial institutions, she said. "A married man with three kids can get a better loan ... than a woman with the same salary."

However, she stressed that the association would not give women preferential treatment over men. "We are going to make the very best loan possible to everyone."

Women will be given a better break in employment and training because most women employed by banks and savings and loan associations rarely get beyond the teller's cage.

First Women's S and L currently is looking for a female managing director. The job will pay in the \$30,000 range, depending on experience.

The association is scheduled to open in September "but we can't open until we get \$2 million in our hands," Coleman said. "That's the hard part."

"We have way over \$2 million in pledges. Now we're trying to get cash," she said.

The initial money came from the 30 original members of the organizing committee--who put up \$1,000 each.

The rest of the money has come through pledges to buy stock in the Association--at \$12.50 a share and a minimum of 10 shares.

Coleman is ecstatically convinced the S and L is going to be a success, especially because she personally has sold more than \$300,000 in stock to friends.

"All of my friends would be down on my neck if it failed," she said. "I'd have to leave town. And I like San Francisco."

Can You Digit?

By Tom Frenkel

Remember when telephone numbers had a personality and character supplied by exchange names? Well, if you don't, you are too young for nostalgia of this ilk.

But don't get too cocky, because if it weren't for exchange names, John O'Hara's Butterfield 8 would have been titled 288, and who would have read that? Of course, if O'Hara had lived in San Francisco, it would have been ATwater 8 and that would have been all right.

Anyway, San Francisco used to have some wonderful exchanges before ANC (Ma Bell's code for all number calling) became de rigueur. Noe Valley's 826, 648 and 282 were once Valencia 6, Mission 8 and, of course, ATwater 2. JUniper, BAvew, PRospect, LOmbard and SKyline groced the lips of our information (now DA or directory assistance) operators. There was no 19-second message instructing us on the usage of the telephone book. Doesn't that all seem refreshing?

The only vestiges of the golden days are the center pieces of phones that haven't been serviced or replaced since 1966 -- these classic

Continued on Page 5

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Helen Norris & Linda Ramey



City Aids Neighborhood Tree Planters

By Dovid Snyder

The psychologist who first identified dendrophilia (obsessive love for trees) did so convinced that it was pathological. Unknown to this pioneering pathologist, Henry David Thoreau was an active practitioner of this alleged perversion. Thoreau writes:

"There she stood in the forest, supple, erect, awaiting my tender caresses. A creature more magnificent than any other on this beautiful planet. My magnificent elm."

Nor did the intrepid psychologist imagine that a city would ever institutionalize something so dreaded as dendrophilia. Perhaps it is fitting that San Francisco, recently labeled a cesspool by Ms. Bryant, should encourage residents to plant trees everywhere.

Street trees improve the quality of our environment. They add a sense of nature and visual relief from the all too often harsh and barren urban scene. From the homeowner's point of view they are a good investment. It is estimated that trees increase property values by \$1,000, and if an entire block is planted, up to \$3,000. Moreover, trees are the kind of investment that does not result in higher property taxes.

Not only are they aesthetically pleasing, trees make the city a healthier place to live. They filter the dirt from the atmosphere, replenish oxygen in the air, muffle street noises and serve as wind breaks.

In the past 20 years city residents have planted more than 150,000 trees. Anxious to encourage further planting, the City maintains a Street Planting Division of the Department of Public Works (2323 Army St., San Francisco, 94124, 558-3377).

The function of the Division is to insure that trees are sensibly located, facilitate in the planting and provide assistance to individuals and neighborhood groups. The Division offers suggestions on all aspects of tree planting, including selection of species, proper planting methods, and proper maintenance. When possible, the Division provides support stakes and straps free of charge to groups organizing a planting project. Property owners must apply for a "tree planting permit". The details of planting and caring for your trees are spelled out in the Division's Information Kit, available at no cost.

Projects under the Neighborhood Tree Planting Program typically involve a one- or two-block area. Property owners choose the type and number of trees and assume the cost of purchase and installation. The Street Planting Division will provide direct assistance and arrange for the sidewalk to be cut and the concrete removed for projects of 10 or more trees.

A number of trees are known to grow well in the city of San Francisco. Our frost-

free climate allows for many subtropical broadleaf evergreens that provide year-round foliage. There are, however, significant differences in climate and wind conditions within the city, and careful consideration must be given to the micro-climate within each neighborhood, including local soil composition and drainage. The Division will gladly recommend species for your particular location when they come to mark your sidewalk.


To observe a display of specimen trees that are commonly found in San Francisco, visit San Francisco Beautiful's Street Tree Exhibit on Funston Street between Geary and Fulton. A pamphlet guide to the exhibit is available from: San Francisco Beautiful, 120 Bush St., San Francisco, 94104, 986-1010.

The easiest and least expensive way to have trees planted on your block is to encourage all property owners on the block to participate.

If you are interested in planting trees on your block, why not inform your neighbors with a flyer outlining plans and suggestions? Not only will you beautify the block and increase property values, you will also get to know your neighbors a bit better.

In addition to the Street Planting Division, there are some other organizations which help with the financial and other aspects of tree planting: Richmond Environmental Action 391-6307
Friends of Noe Valley 282-1071
Trees for the City 986-1010.

285-1387



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Bingo... Continued from Page 1

Connie Villas, who lives at 26 26th and Castro Streets in the same house she was born in, has been coming to Bingo for 20 years.

"I used to come with my mother," she said, standing behind the coffee and donut stand she has been running for the past two years. Ms. Villas is a regular Tuesday nighter and religiously plays 18 cards. It's not really the idea of winning that's the attraction. She comes weekly "just to get out, it's an enjoyment for me."

Across the room Mr. and Ms. John Breen of Bartlett Street echo Ms. Villas' sentiments. "I come because I enjoy the game, whether I win or lose," Ms. Breen explains. "I don't care for shows and I have to have some outlet. I've made some very nice friends through Bingo." The Breens believe

in the teamwork approach to playing and regularly pool their funds to share 10 cards.

Sitting alone over in a far corner, Bingo devotee Thera Merla, a 20-year veteran of the game, says she plays Bingo every day except Sunday.

"The most I've ever won is \$2,000, but that was almost six years ago," she said. Ms. Merlo, a widow, comes to Bingo alone since her sister-in-law died a few years ago. She said she comes to see people, not to win, because she doesn't win very often.


Florence Brown, however, a 25-year resident of Douglass Street, claims to be "quite a regular winner." Ms. Brown has been coming to St. Phillip's to bet on Bingo for 10 or 12 years. "I know most of the people here,"

Whether or not winning money is the primary incentive for breeding Bingo-bums, it most certainly is an enticement. St. Phillip's sells 3 Bingo cards for \$2.50, 7 for \$5, 10 for \$7.50 and 15 for \$10. Fifteen games are played at each session and the playoff is determined on the basis of how much money is taken in. The big game, the fifteenth, is the "Blockout" game, which is played for a jackpot of several hundred dollars.

So, folks, remember, B-12 need not only be a vitamin. Barney just might reach into a bunch of bouncing ping-pong balls, pulling out that lucky number, and you could walk home with a fistful of dollars.

By Deborah Phelon

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Places to Spend Your Money

Church Street

By Lynne Meyerson

Are you tired of the hustle-bustle of 24th Street? Can't find a parking place? Then treat yourself to a leisurely stroll down Church Street. Although the Church Street shops are more specialized, you will enjoy spending an afternoon browsing in the delightful antique stores, feasting on the fares of the street's restaurants and simply enjoying the atmosphere of a close-knit neighborhood. If you don't feel like hoofing it then hop on the J Church and for 25¢ you will have door to door service to some of the finer stores in the Noe Valley area.

HOMES OF CHARM
1544 Church Street
647-4586
Sun-Fri 12-6
Sat 11-6

A delightful antique shop run by John and Sylvia Powell. Mrs. Powell has a wealth of information about the Church Street neighborhood as she has been a merchant on the street for the past twelve years. Their shop contains such a vast variety of interesting things that it is certainly worth a trip if only to browse. Prices range from free (miscellaneous bric-a-brac, some broken, some interesting) to \$375.00 for a mammoth wooden desk. Glassware, flatware, dishes, lamps, pictures and frames, old tools, keys, pens, jewelry, science equipment, signs and clocks can all be found for any price range. They also carry a line of furniture refinishing supplies for the do-it-yourselfer. The two antique barber chairs that grace the front of the store are permanent fixtures.

The Powells were the first to open an antique shop on the street, but within the past three years many other antique businesses have begun. All the shop owners share a camaraderie and will often refer you to a competitor if they don't happen to have what you are looking for.

JEREMIAH'S CORNERS
1551 Church Street
282-5777
Mon-Fri 12-6
Sunday by whim

This antique shop which is kitty corner to Homes of Charm has recently reopened with all new stock after a three month absence. Norm, one of the three owners said that the shop's basic aim is to offer a complete line of home furnishings for anyone setting up housekeeping. Prices range from \$600.00 for a fine oriental rug to 25¢ for glasses on the 20% off table. This table will be a feature of the shop until the glassware is exhausted. You can find lots of pictures, furniture and a few "collectables". The owners don't have much in the way of clothing or jewelry as they wish to keep their merchandise mostly in the household line.

JEN COTTON
1284 Church Street
285-2930
Tues-Sat 11-6

Jen Cotton is a fabric store that specializes in cottons, an item that is becoming increasingly difficult to find for the sewer. There are ribbons, trims, baskets, patterns, notions, small toys, quilting supplies and even quilted potholders. Butterick and Folkwear patterns are in stock and Vogue Patterns are available by mail order.

LEHR'S GERMAN SPECIALTIES
1581 Church Street
282-6803
Mon-Sat 10-6
Sun 12-6

Lehr's is a shop where you can find anything from soup to nuts. Their goods, which are all imported, range from embroidered Bavarian dirndls and leather Leiderhosen to marzipan fruits and sugar cones from a flaming wine punch. Mrs. Lehr said that some of their customers come from as far as Portland to obtain the special German wares. At Christmas time the store is stacked with fantastic goodies including marzipan pigs holding gold coins in their mouths. They have a variety of German magazines and records and an interesting assortment of health teas that will cure whatever ails you. Toys and puzzles can be found along with cosmetics and household items. Stocking brooms, cake pans, chocolates, beer steins and poppy seeds, it's a lovely place to find an unusual gift item or that special gourmet food.

LE PAPIILLON CAFE
1361 Church Street
647-2404
Mon-Sat 12-9:30

Named after a "small cafe in Paris and things which are colorful and free", Le Papillon affords a pleasant atmosphere decorated with plants and posters. There is a variety of reading material and soft radio music. Owner Etienne Prima who is from Brittany will cook you French onion soup for 75 cents (\$1.25 in the evenings), baking it with the classic French crouton and cheese. There are salads -- small green for 75 cents to a Chef Salad for \$2.50. Sandwiches range from \$1.50 for a choice of cheeses to \$2 for ham with cheese. There are several breads to choose from. The home-made sweets include apple and pumpkin pie and carrot and zucchini cake for 65 and 75 cents. Coffee, tea, milk, soda and juice are available.

UNIQUE EFFECTS
1708 Church Street
648-5900
Mon-Sat 10-6

Three shops housed at the same location, Unique Effects offers you a decorating service, fresh or dried flowers for any occasion and an imported gourmet coffee and tea counter named Rubber Ducks. Jerry Bulger runs the decorating service and tells me that it's "damn good, dirt cheap and faster than the speed of light". He will do one chair for you or completely redecorate your three-story Victorian. Unique Effects offers carpets, draperies, upholstery, wooden shades and gifts. They have a selection of antiques -- unusual and impractical items such as a \$250.00 ceramic urn complete with painted grapes and tendrils or a \$2,500.00 steel guitar which "of course includes gift wrapping and delivery". A fantastic 1910 Reed manual full pedal church organ which was originally pumped by choir boys can be had for a mere \$3,500.00. On selected Saturdays recitals are given which are open to the public. Flutist and oboists sometimes accompany the organ. Call the shop to find out the next recital date or just stop by. There is usually a sign outside announcing the next performance. Mr. Bulger started his shop in the Glen Park area although he wanted to be in Noe Valley. Luckily he was able to open shop on Church Street where he feels the tastes of the neighborhood are more akin to his own.

NEXT MONTH: MORE CHURCH STREET SHOPPING

Telephone . . . Continued from Page 3

phones still bear a real exchange name.

When ANC was announced in the 1960s, opposition formed. Hiram Johnson, president of the Anti-Digit League and a self-proclaimed isolationist, was already bitter about having his pre-WWII prefix of BElvedere changed to GEneva. He claimed that the phone company had changed him to GEneva just to irritate him by reminding him of the League of Nations which had "screwed up the whole world." Now doing away with exchange names

was more than he could bear.

The Anti-Digit League lobbied valiantly but to no avail, and by 1966 under authority granted by the Pacific Utility Commission, PT&T had expunged prefixes with letters from all but our memories and those fortunate enough to still have an old phone dial.

If you too are bitter about not having an exchange name of your own, use the old one, or if you are one with a number that never had an exchange, invent one. For example, 991 could be XXI

(Dos Equis), or 731 could be SCatology 1. Let your imagination soar.

The following is a somewhat incomplete list of old San Francisco exchange names not already mentioned: DELaware, EVERgreen, GARfield, GRAYstone, HEMlock, KLondike, MONTrose, SUTter, TUXedo, UNDERhill, WEST, YUKon.

Historical footnote: In 1878 one could reach the White House by asking the Washington operator for 1. Today it's a finger-blistering 10 digits: (202) 456-1414.



Coalition Works To Preserve Neighborhoods

By Claudia Hyslop

The Coalition for San Francisco Neighborhoods is an organization which was formed as a result of the rezoning efforts which many of the City's neighborhoods devoted themselves to in the late summer of 1973. At that time, the Planning Department was receiving so many requests for rezoning that they decided to conduct a study of the neighborhoods, in an attempt to arrive at a new residential zoning code.

In the interim, the Department suggested that the neighborhoods employ several new use and development controls so that the number of requests for rezoning would, hopefully, subside pending the outcome of the study.

Several neighborhood groups, finding the proposals to be of great significance, organized a meeting of the concerned groups. The meeting took place at the offices of the Sunset Parkside Education

Action Committee (SPEAK) in November, 1973; thus, the Coalition for San Francisco Neighborhoods was formed.

Twenty-seven groups, including the Friends of Noe Valley, belong to the Coalition, and each group is entitled to one vote.

The Coalition has actively opposed hospital and airport expansion and supported the preservation of residential zoning, stressing that housing should take priority in zoning matters. They have also worked for the preservation of open space on the waterfront, opposed Proposition S, and supported the Upper Market Street Beautification Plan.

In June, the Coalition sent out a press release endorsing a no vote on A & B, with only three groups (Cow Hollow Improvement Association, Haight-Ashbury Improvement Association, and Pacific

Heights Association) opposing the endorsement.

Ron Green, Friends of Noe Valley's voting member in the Coalition said he thought they had been pretty effective on some issues. "They don't do anything very controversial, though," he said. The endorsement of no on A&B was pretty controversial for them.

"Politically, it ranges from so far left to so far right that it's difficult to come to any significant decisions."

The purpose of the organization is to provide the neighborhoods with an opportunity to exchange ideas and information of concern and co-ordinate community action to deal with such areas of concern.

The Coalition meets the third Tuesday of each month, and meetings are open to the public. For information call 863-6200.

Collage

POEMA FOR APARICIO GIL

Where do you walk now friend?

now that you have released
the strings from the sky

I see

you walk ahead as always

your grin

as blue as your eyes

as alive as the images you left

camarada.....

you do not have to tell us where you are

you wait

with waves

from green oceans

a new son of the river

with the roof

of the world

in your voice

By Wilfredo Q. Castano

i bent forward
a little slumped
admiring someone
holding a potted plant
pointing to a
back yard cluttered
with derelict gross
who said:

"this used to be my garden!"

By Byron Perrin

At Elizabeth Street

The birds in the garden
Are interrupting Haydn;
Among the tones of the piano
The world comes back.

By David Hallstrom

AT LAST I'VE FOUND YOU, CALIFORNIA

It was near Haight and Ashbury
in nineteen sixty nine,
when the streets were filled with rainbows
and love was running blind,
that I searched for California,
just another state of mind.
I found her friends, the hippies.
It was her I could not find.

I heard she fled to Maui.
I followed night and day.
From the slopes of Haleakala
down to Lahania Bay
I sought that lovely lady,
then over Kona way.
I was soiling right behind
when again she flew away.

I came back to California like a poppy comes to spring,
gold and high and dreamy, ready for a fling.
California was a feeling. I could not relate to state,
except for the one of ecstasy so great
that desires turned to dancing in the strobelights of my mind.
I there and then decided to leave my past behind.

For I could swear I saw her dancing beside the swans by day.
Her sun-toned thigh and flashing smile called me out to play,
so I danced along behind her till I saw her disappear
until this very yesterday when she whispered in my ear:
"It is me again, my lover. You knew I would return.
"You have fire in your heart. I have love to burn."

At last I've found you, California,
crazy, sunlit, free.
For life, for love, for laughter
you are a friend to me!



THUMBNAIL BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Although quite small at first, Fred Loetterle's thumbnails were born with him in Brooklyn. The nails grew strong and helped Mr. Loetterle keep a grip on his pen during poetry and journalism. His mother taught him to clip them regularly, but he let them grow to the organic breaking-off point during his "au naturel" period. Manicures were later resumed. Neither thumbnail has been in serious trouble, although the right one ended up on the wrong side of a blade. Actually the nail recovered quicker than the thumb from a whittling accident which occurred when Mr. Loetterle was teaching himself wood-carving during his tenure at a monastery under the name Brother Joseph. Nowadays, Mr. Loetterle's thumbnails (and thumbs!) are usually pointed up, when he's not hanging from them.

Poems, graphics, short fictional pieces and other creative works by Noe Valley residents may be submitted to Collage, Noe Valley Voice, 3762 22nd St. 94114. Please include a thumbnail biographical sketch.

Down in the Valley

By Claudia Hyslap

Jason burst into the Acme, 15 minutes late for his appointment with Philip Latimar. Catching a glimpse of Latimar's white beard, he shaved his way through the group of people hovering near the cash register, politely excusing himself.

Latimar was nestled comfortably in the back corner, sipping an expresso and looking about pensively.

"Sorry I'm late," Jason apologized, catching his breath.

"That's quite all right," replied Latimar. "I just arrived myself. Do sit down."

"In a minute. I need something to drink."

Jason made a trip to the coffee bar and returned shortly with an Anchor Steam beer.

"I've been thinking," Jason began timidly, as he emptied his beer into his glass so that the foamy head nearly ran down the side of the glass.

"Yes, go on."

"I don't know about this whole thing. I mean, it's beginning to look pretty spooky to me."

"But there's nothing spooky about it," Latimar stated easily.

"You see, Jason, the experience that Amanda went through two weeks ago was very real, but because most of us are so steeped in the earthly, the concrete, we don't allow ourselves to experience the cosmic level of our existence which is the true reality."

"That's very true. I mean, I realize all that, but I didn't think it was going to get so hairy."

"Hairy?"

"Yes, she's becoming really neurotic. She's on me constantly about it. She wants me to recount the evening in full detail and she won't leave it alone."

Jason had introduced Amanda to the acclaimed psychic, Philip Latimar, several weeks prior to this meeting. Amanda had been highly impressed with Latimar's psychic powers and had developed an inexplicable unearthly attraction to him. He had subsequently convinced her to permit him to hypnotize and regress her to her childhood.

"Have you told her anything?" Latimar asked.

"No, of course not."

"Jason, I told you when you asked me to conduct this experiment that you might witness things beyond human comprehension, and you told me you could handle it."

"I know, I know, but I think it's gone far enough. Do we really have to go through with this Mt. Davidson idea?"

Latimar's face suddenly became stone-like as he stared coldly into Jason's boyish face.

"There is no way of stopping that now," he said slowly and unyieldingly.

Jason squirmed uncomfortably in his seat and fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette, sorely aware of the awkwardness of the moment.

Sensing Jason's discomfort, Latimar picked up the conversation.

"Jason, Thursday night --"

"Shhh," Jason interrupted. "Here comes a friend of Amanda's."

It was Larry. Aware that Jason had spotted him, Larry approached the table to drop a polite hello.

"Good morning, Jason. How are you?"

"Good, Larry, and yourself?"

"Fine, thank you."

"Oh, Larry, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine, Philip Latimar."

The two men exchanged greetings, and Jason invited Larry to join them.

Larry accepted the invitation reluctantly, mostly out of common courtesy.

"Jason tells me we have a mutual friend," Latimar said to Larry.

"Oh?"

"Amanda Bauer."

"Oh, you know Amanda?"

"Yes. A charming young woman."

"She certainly is. And she has a brilliant mind."

Jason, obviously uneasy about the topic of conversation, made an attempt to change the subject before Latimar could respond.

"Do either of you have the time?" Jason asked quickly.

Larry glanced at his watch.

"Yes," he replied. "It's 11 o'clock. I'm afraid I must be going."

Larry rose to bid Jason and Latimar farewell.

"It was nice meeting you," he said to Latimar.

"The pleasure was mine," Latimar said graciously. "Oh, and good luck with your writing endeavors."

"Why, thank you." Larry was a bit taken aback, but he didn't give it much thought.

"Good day, Jason," said Larry.

"Bye, Larry. Take care."

Soon after Larry's exit, Jason departed, resigned to the fact that Latimar was going to have his way.

Amanda puffed wildly on her cigarette, as she paced across her hardwood floor, impatiently waiting for her phone to ring. She had left a message for Larry to return her call as soon as he got in. That was at noon. It was now 2:30 p.m.

The ringing sound had occurred in her mind so many times in the two and a half hour period that when the phone finally did ring, she jumped, startled, as when one is wakened from a bad dream.

"Hello," she said breathlessly.

"Hello, Amanda. Larry."

"Oh, thank God."

"What's wrong?"

"Larry, what are you doing tonight? I know you usually have your literary group on Thursdays, but --"

"It's not meeting tonight."

"Good. Can you come over for dinner?"

"I'd love to. But tell me. Is something wrong?"

"I'll talk to you about that tonight. Seven-thirty?"

"That's fine."

"Great. Bye."

"Bye."

Larry arrived promptly at 7:30 p.m.

"You didn't tell me what we were having, so I brought one of red and one of white," he said, removing a bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon and a bottle of Chenin Blanc from a paper bag.

"How thoughtful of you," Amanda said. "But you really didn't have to do that. And we're having park chaps." Amanda had been too nervous to prepare anything elaborate.

"Good." It's the Cabernet then. Amanda, I've been worried about you all day. Now tell me, what is bothering you?"

"Come into the kitchen. We can discuss it over dinner."

Larry followed Amanda into the kitchen and took a seat at the table.

Amanda uncorked the bottle and poured them each a glass of wine.

"It all started when I met Philip Latimar," she said, sitting down across from Larry.

"Philip Latimar? Jason introduced me to him the other day at the Acme."

"Oh?" Amanda felt the blood rushing to her cheeks.

"Yes. It's strange you never mentioned him to me before."

"Why do you say that?" she asked nervously.

"Because you have obviously mentioned me in his company."

Amanda's mind raced through memories of encounters and conversations with Philip Latimar.

"No, Larry. I've never said anything to him about you."

"That's odd."

"Why, Larry?"

"Oh, nothing," Larry said, shrugging. "Go on, please."

"Why is it odd?" Amanda persisted.

"Just a comment he made to me."

"What was it?"

"Well, as I got up to leave, he said, 'Good luck with your writing endeavors' and I hadn't mentioned my book to him."

Amanda stared into space, caressing the rim of her wine glass with her lip.

"You didn't have to mention it, Larry. He's psychic."

"Psychic! Oh, come on, Amanda."

"That's exactly what I have to talk to you about, Larry."

Amanda began babbling incessantly, commencing with the story of the ad in the Meat Market. She rarely paused, even to take a bite of food, while Larry listened attentively, quietly enjoying his meal.

"And the next thing I knew, Jason was helping me on with my coat," she said, concluding her monologue with the story of her regression. "It's so scary. I don't remember a thing and I've badgered Jason to the point of frustration. He won't tell me anything."

Continued on Page 8

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Continued from Page 7

Larry pushed his plate aside and settled back into his chair, staring vacantly at Amanda all the while.

"Well, Larry, what should I do?"

"Forget about it, Amanda."

Larry, totally unimpressed with the little anecdote, wasn't about to be convinced by any of this mystical hoopla.

"Forget about it? But I have a feeling something very strange happened that night and I want to know what it was."

"Something strange probably did happen, but it's over now, so forget about it. This fellow Latimor is obviously some kind of crackpot and you've fallen for his little game."

"Crackpot! All right then, how did he know about your book?"

"Coincidence, my dear, pure coincidence. Jason might even have mentioned it."

Amanda felt perspiration running down the side of her face, as her mind searched for some semblance of truth, which seemed to be completely lost somewhere between her earthly respect for Larry and her cosmic attraction to Philip Latimor. A feeling of helplessness consumed her, as Larry had been her last resort for any kind of consolation, and he had failed miserably at that.

Amanda rose to clear the table. She carried the dirty dishes to the sink and began rinsing them off.

"Amanda, are you listening?"

Amanda had been so preoccupied with her own thoughts that she had been oblivious to what Larry was saying.

"No, I'm sorry," she said, shutting off the water and turning around to look at him.

"I was saying that the dinner was delicious."

"Oh, thank you."

Amanda suddenly felt a strong compulsion to do something, but she wasn't exactly sure what it was. She had lost contact with the reality of the moment.

"I have to leave," she said, not really directing the remark to Larry.

"Leave? Where are you going, Amanda?"

She couldn't hear him and nothing could stop her. She walked to the door without stopping to get her coat.

Larry grabbed her arm firmly and twirled her around so that she was facing him. Seeing the blankness of her expression, the emptiness in her eyes, he let her go, realizing that reasoning with her would be impossible.

"I must go," she said.

She did not know where she was going, but she knew she had to go. She headed west on Clipper Street, then turned down and walked along streets she had never seen before. It was a long uphill climb. Finally, she trudged up the grassy slope of Mount Davidson and disappeared into the night fog.

"We've been waiting for you, Amanda," said Latimor, appearing from behind the huge white cross on the top of the hill.

"Amanda," Jason cried.

But she neither heard nor saw them. She fell face down into the dewy grass crying, "Mommy, Mommy" in the voice of a four-year-old.

CONTESTCONTEST***CONTEST***CONTEST***CONTEST***

What happens next? Will Amanda ever get the grass stains off her pre-washed jeans? If you think you've got the answer to this question, this is your big chance to achieve Valleywide notoriety by writing a conclusion to this spine-tingling tale. If your entry is selected from among the thousands we will no doubt receive, it will be printed in next month's issue, and for those of you who require material recompense for your efforts, a prize will be awarded (to be announced later). Send your conclusion, 1,000 words or less, to Dawn in the Valley, 826 Diamond St., 94114.

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Community Crosstalk

Political Crisis

Two political crises today face San Francisco: property taxes and public employee strikes. The Chamber of Commerce and Supervisors Barbagelata, Feinstein and Kapp tell us that the city workers are to blame. Property taxes are high, they say, because city workers are overpaid. Never mind the fact that homes are taxed on the same basis as income-producing (commercial) property. The strikes, they would have us believe, resulted from efforts by the public employees' unions to "blackmail" the city. The Supervisors placed on the ballot propositions eliminating the right to bargain collectively (a right guaranteed to workers in the private sector since the 1930's).

Many San Franciscans are weary of seeing John Barbagelata tilt at yet another windmill. They are tired of "solutions" which exacerbate tensions rather than easing them. Larry Swaim, in his new pamphlet The Political Crisis in San Francisco: Taxes and Public Employees, takes a different tack. Swaim, for eight years a member of the Postal Clerks' union, thoroughly analyzes the nature of our property tax system and examines the prelude to, and aftermath of, each of the public employees' strikes of the past four years.

He concludes that to end the crises two things need to be done. First, big business must pay its fair share of the property tax, and the wealthy must be forced to share the burdens of a truly progressive income tax. Secondly, public employees must have the right to bargain collectively, the same as workers in the private sector.

These goals can only be attained, he argues, if progressive neighborhood organizations, reform-minded Democratic Clubs, homosexuals and racial minorities join with organized labor to fight the incumbent Supervisors and the downtown business interests.

All political activists in San Francisco will benefit from reading this pamphlet, the first lucid and comprehensive analysis of what underlies the bitter political warfare of the past four years.

In Nae Valley it is available (for \$1) at Books Plus, 3910 24th Street; it may also be purchased from the publisher, the Bay Area Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, at 332 Mante Visto St Street, #201, Oakland, 94611.

David L. Rath
Member of D.S.O.C.
143 Eighth Ave.
San Francisco

Noe Valley Ministry

Noe Valley Ministry (at the old Lebanon Presbyterian Church building at 1021 Sanchez St. near 23rd Street) again invites you to share your interests and ideas with us: What are your dreams for this neighborhood? How should this ministry and building relate to and serve the people in the Nae Valley neighborhood?

We also invite your participation:

-- Beginning Celebration of Nae Valley Ministry's Autumn/Winter Program: dancing, singing, entertainment, pot luck, Sunday, Sept. 18 at 2 p.m.

-- Music Makers: Singing rehearsals every Monday evening in August, 7:30 to 10 p.m., upstairs, 1021 Sanchez. Note: We are also interested in starting a band or combo. Interested? Come by or call.

-- Building Fix-up/Clean-up: Plans are under way to paint the outside of the building in September, as well as take care of numerous other repairs. Interested in helping?

We invite people to help shape this ministry and the uses of this building. Stop by (12 to 2 p.m., Tuesday through Friday) or call 282-2317.

Carl A. Smith, Pastor
Noe Valley Ministry
1021 Sanchez St.
San Francisco 94114

MUNI Memorandum

"Commencing Wednesday, July 20th, 1977 and continuing for a period not exceeding six weeks, the Municipal Railway will be substituting motor coaches for streetcars on the 'J' line."

So began a Muni memorandum dated July 18, 1977, and distributed July 19, 1977 to patrons of the "J". The memorandum continued with an explanation that there was a shortage of streetcars; by substituting motor coaches Muni could serve us better. It ended by asking our consideration. Fair enough.

There is a shortage of streetcars. One of the reasons is a lack of maintenance, a fact that has plagued us for years. Another reason is the lack of planning. Consider. Recently, Muni told me that they built a shiny new maintenance facility to service streetcars, then tore down the old maintenance facility. Sadly, Muni had not completely refit the new when the old was destroyed. Further, the old crane capable of lifting streetcars off their wheels, a task necessary for maintenance, is fitted only for Muni Metra, a vehicle that will not be in service until 1979 or later. These blunders help account for six weeks of costlier, noisier, smellier and uglier bus service for beautiful downtown Nae Valley.

Where do I see the hope then? Well, Muni considerably gave us warning before they acted. One day of warning. That's encouraging! Considering past actions, Muni possibly is losing its cavalier approach to its planning and operations. Muni tends to forget it is a Public Servant and acts without due concern and consideration of the public; its service corresponding to its actions.

Well, after my consideration of the facts, I hopefully believe Muni is beginning to improve its service. Unfortunately, the facts belie the hope.

The hope for the future of Muni is in the attitude of the men who guide its destiny, the men of Muni. My hope is these men are good men. My hope is the good men of Muni hear the good words at the end of the Muni Memorandum:

"Your concern and consideration are appreciated."

B.H. Webb
19 July 1977

You can contribute to THE NOE VALLEY VOICE. Send your articles and opinions to Community Crosstalk, 3762 - 22nd St., San Francisco, 94114.



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J-Church...

Continued from Page 1

there has been a period of delay for maintenance work, causing a backlog of cars out of service," he said.

The temporary docking of the "J" streetcars has enabled Muni work crews to accelerate their rerailing of the track on the segment of the line that runs through Mission-Dolores Park from 18th to 22nd Streets. This work, which includes paving of the roadbed, should be completed by September, Bei said.

Starting in November, Muni will replace the tracks on Church from 22nd to 30th Streets, a job that is expected to take eight to ten months. Streetcars will operate on a single track during this time.

The rerailing of Muni's entire system of tracks, at a cost of \$1 million per mile, is in preparation for the 1979 delivery of a \$300 million fleet of new trolleys.

The present fleet of 155 streetcars will be completely replaced by the new trolleys, which are designed to operate both above ground and in the new Muni Metra Subway between the surface of Market Street and the BART track level.

The J-Church line will surface at Duboce Avenue and Church Street in front of the U.S. Mint and then run south on Church, continuing along the current route to 30th Street.

At present the "J" carries on average of 3,750 passengers daily, according to Muni's Schedule and Traffic Department.

Crime Report

Crooks 3
Cops 1

By Deborah Phelon

Despite increased police surveillance of the Noe Valley area, three burglaries and one robbery occurred on 24th Street last month. Police have made one arrest so far.

Marty's Frog Shop, 4089-24th St., was broken into at 2:30 a.m. July 26. Police arrested Robert Blumgarten, 24, who allegedly was seen in front of the store shortly before the burglary occurred. No estimate of the amount of loss has yet been submitted to police.

A young man, armed with a shotgun, robbed Groystone Wine & Liquors store in the afternoon of July 10, escaping with almost \$200.

"I was on the telephone and he came in on the side and hung up the phone and demanded money," store manager Elaine Brose said.

Burglars broke into Lila Sondals, 4102-24th St., on the morning of July 17, stealing \$3,000.00 in merchandise. Owner Coltin Simon said they broke the dead-bolt lock on the front door to enter.

"They stole handbags, belts, wallets, shoes," he said.

Pyramid Realty, 4069-24th St., was burglarized the evening of July 16. The burglars broke in through the back window and escaped with a tape recorder, calculator and the cash box.

The Noe Valley area has had increased police surveillance since July 3rd because of a 14-week training program for rookies, Officer Ed Pecinovsky of the Mission District Police Station said. Forty rookies have been assigned to the Mission District for training until mid-October.



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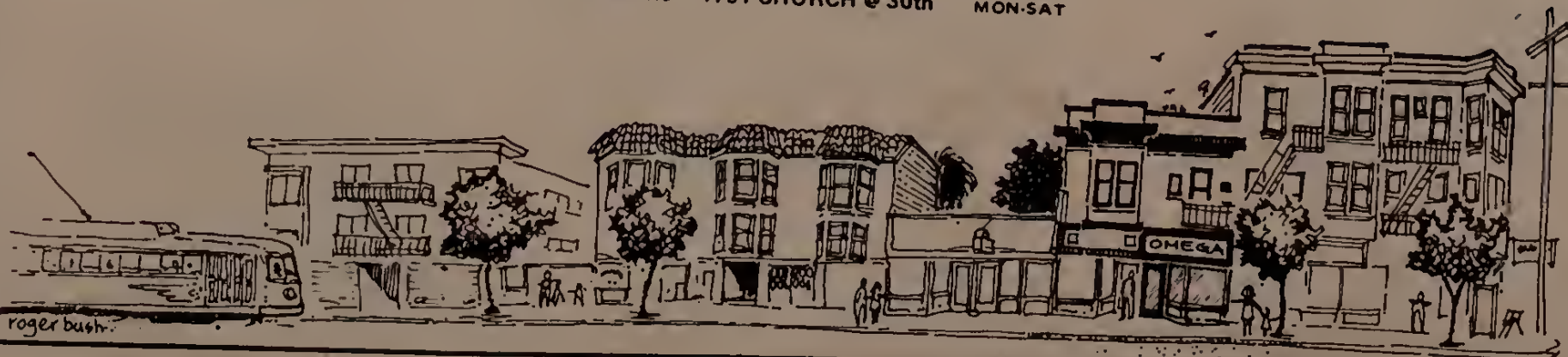
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The Count...

Continued from Page 1

wallet! That's with whites, mostly. With blacks it's even worse. 'Blood,' for example, has a completely different meaning to blacks. And now that black is beautiful, not only are people not afraid of me, everyone is inviting me to parties, to their homes, everywhere. It's getting really frustrating."

I suggested to the Count that he ought to address the very roots of the problem -- Hollywood and their slandering ways.

"Libel," he said, looking up from his blood red wine. "I can't take them to court with my past."

"No, not court, make your own film and depict yourself as only you can," I said.

"I can't afford it," he said glumly.

"Well, do a play," I responded.

"In the flesh? Yes, why not!" And so responding, he literally flew out the door.

Well, this author is happy to report that the Count found himself a small coffin-like theatre over in Eureka Valley in which to stage his story. When it comes to theatre in Noe Valley, the neighborhood is a bit anemic, so to speak. This crypt-like theatre, at 19th and Diamond Streets, seats but 50 people and is called the San Francisco Repertory Company. The Count told me that the production would be a behind-the-scenes account of the "real me". Crane Johnson helped him write the script since English is not his native language. The name of the play will be, you guessed it, "Dracula" and it opens Aug. 19 at 8:30 P.M. The Count is really happy doing show-biz, especially since it is at night. He has even taken a stage name of Allon Biggs. As he puts it, perhaps he can acquire a whole new fortune doing theatre, which is an entirely new flop for him. Which reminds me, the tickets are \$3.50 for Thursday and Saturday nights and \$4.50 for Friday and Saturday nights.

Wolfmon Mock

Getting Centered

Community Music Center

By David Hallstrom

Singing "Camino Burana" by Carl Orff, 140 voices strong, we were in the middle of the section that praises the triumph of spring over winter when, suddenly overcome by emotion, I choked up and my music blurred as tears came to my eyes. After the concert I learned that many of the singers had had the same experience. It was a moment of joy, as we realized that months of rehearsal and hard work had finally culminated in a great performance.

This was one of the many concerts arranged throughout the year by the San Francisco Community Music Center at 544 Capp St., in the heart of the Mission District. Founded in 1921 to provide free music lessons to children, the Center has grown into a complete music school, offering instruction on all instruments to San Franciscans of all ages.

Members of the Center form groups of many kinds which perform not only in concerts at the Center, but also in hospitals, churches, convalescent homes and various other community centers.



Photo by Tom Frenkel

Recent performance of Community Chorus

If you are musically inclined, you can join the Music Center and participate in chamber music, the Community Orchestra, the Opera Workshop, the Children's Chorus, the Community Chorus, the Coro Hispano, the Chinese Music Workshop and a dance group.

The Music Center, directed by Landon Young, presents a series of recitals featuring prominent guest artists through the Concertas de Camara, for which the public is asked a donation of 50 cents. Admission to concerts by the larger ensembles, such as the Community Chorus, is generally \$2.50.

These concerts are occasionally recorded and broadcast by local stations. KPFA-FM recently presented the Coro Hispano performing sacred music of Mexico to commemorate the bicentennial of the Mission San Francisco.

If you have children who need music lessons and your budget is tight, the Center will adjust the tuition according to income and the size of your family. Private lessons are available through the Center; the phone number is 647-6015.

Jamestown Community Center

By David Pasero

Jamestown is a non-profit, multi-service community center with a focus on youth oriented programs. The force behind Jamestown's ideology is the recognition of the need to reach youth in pre-delinquent stages, to provide them with alternatives to day-to-day life in the streets, and to encourage growth in positive and productive directions.

Our facility is a former school building and play yard located at the corner of 23rd and Fair Oaks Street, one block east of Dolores Street. Ninety per cent of our youth come from the Mission and Noe Valley areas and are between the ages of 6 and 21.

We operate a full recreation program including outdoor sports such as basketball,

softball, tennis, kickball and other yard games. Indoor recreational activities include a weight-lifting facility, volleyball court, ping pong and pool room. An arts and crafts room is open daily, offering various classes for different age groups. In addition, there are field trips and films offered each week.

We are presently offering the following programs: a tutoring center in math, spelling and English for grades 2-7; a miniature zoo with classes in science, nature, ecology and animal care; an auto shop with classes in service station training for ages 16-19.

In addition to our day-to-day programs, we work closely with local community organizations (such as Friends of Noe Valley, Fair Oaks Neighbors, Mission Planning Council, Police Community Relations/Project Safe) sharing information and ideas, planning, raising funds and increasing community awareness and interaction.

In September, Jamestown will co-sponsor a series of new programs. Two new alternative schools for youth will be housed at Jamestown. The Synergy School, located

at 25th and Castro Streets, will be starting a second school for ages 6 to 12. In addition, the Re-Ed School will be working with youth, ages 9 to 14, who have not succeeded in the regular public school system and who are deficient in various subjects.

Organized adult programs will also begin in September at Jamestown. The Community College will offer classes in ceramics, Spanish, holistic health and vegetarian cooking, while the Y.W.C.A. will hold classes for women in the areas of dance of exercise.

Schedule of hours: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, 9 a.m.-9 p.m.; Thursday and Saturday, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Phone: 647-6274.



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san francisco



SERIOUS SANDWICH DELI

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BETWEEN CASTRO & DIAMOND

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Calendar

- Aug. 6 Organic Gardening Club meeting, 1362 Church St., noon. Call Alix at 282-1071 for details.
- Aug. 6 Teen Disco Dance, Jamestown Community Center, Fair Oaks and 23rd Streets, 8 p.m. - 1 a.m., 75 cents admission.
- Aug. 8 Noe Valley Merchants' Association general meeting to discuss later business hours, zoning, business directory. Noe Valley Library, 451 Jersey St., 8 p.m. Public invited.
- Aug. 9 Friends of Noe Valley Planning Committee meeting for people interested in working on 24th St. rezoning and general planning policy. Noe Valley Library, 8 p.m.
- Aug. 11 Joyous Puppet Theatre will present a slide show and talk on puppetry followed by a workshop in making junk puppets, Noe Valley Library, 2 p.m. For ages 6 and up. Call library, 285-2788, to find out what junk to bring.
- Aug. 11 Friends of Noe Valley Steering Committee meeting, Noe Valley Library, 8 p.m.
- Aug. 14 Meet photographer Carl Brinet at Books Plus, 3910 - 24th St., 2 - 5 p.m. Display of photographs: Aug. 14 through Sept. 16.
- Aug. 19 - "Dracula," S. F. Repertory Company, 19th and Diamond, 8:30 p.m. Tickets at door.
- Aug. 20, 21 San Francisco Mime Troupe, Mission-Dolores Park, 2 p.m.
- Aug. 27 Yard fair and barbecue, Jamestown Community Center, 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.

At the Noe Valley Library, 451 Jersey St.:

- Community garden work days, 2nd and 4th Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. Potluck lunch.
- Story hour for children ages 3 to 5, Tuesdays at 10:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m.
- "Listen and Imagine," story readings for ages 6 to 10, Wednesdays at 2 p.m.
- Poetry readings, 2nd and 4th Thursdays, 7:30 p.m. Open mike plus guest poets.

NOE VALLEY CINEMA

(Films are shown Saturdays at 8 p.m. at James Lick Auditorium, 25th and Noe Streets. \$1 for members, \$1.50 general admission.)

- Aug. 6 "Closely Watched Trains", winner of Academy Award for Best Foreign Film, 1967. "Sleepwalk" by Michael Wallin.
- Aug. 13 "Bicycle Thief" by De Sica, winner of Academy Award for Best Foreign Film, 1949. "Working Class" by Al Wong.
- Aug. 20 "Juliet of the Spirits" by Fellini, 1965. "Marilyn" by Molly Litton.
- Aug. 27 "Shoot the Piano Player" by Truffaut, 1960. "Breath" by Jimmy Murakami.

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Sports

The Dice Never Lie

"One oce." 2y Bill "Snake Eyes" Leeman
"That means they aren't wild, right?"
"Right."
"Okay. One six."
"Two fours."
"Three fours."
"Three deuces."
"You can't call that, stupid. It doesn't beat three fours."
"Oh, I mean four fours."
"Lemme see 'em. I don't have any."
"I only have two."
"HORSE ON YOU, SUCKER."

If this conversation sounds foreign to you then you are: a) A teetotaler, b) Too drunk to hear, c) A social misfit, d) Legally dead, or e) All of the above, for this is the dialogue of the seasoned liar's dice player teaching his latest victim the fine art of the game.

The general idea of this game--as it is with so many others--is to confuse your opponent into such a state of total bewilderment that not only will he forget what he called, he'll also be more than happy to part with his money when you scream "HORSE ON YOU, SUCKER" at a decibel level intense enough to shatter the windshield of the ambulance that has just arrived to cart off the unfortunate victim of the previous game.

Actually the game is played like this: Each player throws a cup of five dice and conceals his hand from the view of his opponent. One player then calls any hand he wants (whether he has it or not), from one of a kind to ten of a kind. (Remember, you're calling on the combination of all ten dice, with ones wild unless named on the first call.) His opponent must call a higher hand and vice versa until someone disputes the call. The accuser says "come up" (both players expose hands). Either player may accuse the other of lying at any time. If the call was a lie, the accuser wins; if true, the accusee wins. If you lose, there's a "horse on you." Two horses and you're out.

Some claim that little skill is involved in this game. On the contrary, it's not just anyone who can gracefully slosh the cup to the table with the torque of a pile driver. Artfully rendering a thunderous blow the sound of which is equalled only by dynamite fishing at the peak of the season is not exactly an easy task, either.

Although there are some bartenders who, when challenged to shake for the juke box will meekly hand you a half dollar, most bartender's eyes sparkle with delight when asked for the dice cups. They know they'll soon be hearing the familiar refrain of smoldering leather against wood which has become music to their ears.

The skilled liar must cultivate the vacant stare of a post-lobotomy patient sweating off his dose of Thorazine, so as not to give a clue to what lies under his cup. His sneering opponent must likewise play the part lest he be taken to the proverbial cleaners.

The mastery of these few disciplines--using the vacant store of the moron, breaking your opponents eardrums, and lying through your teeth with the expertise of a Tricky Dick until your victim's eyes bleed--all combine to make the otherwise boring and useless individual into an outstanding pillar of the community who will be respected by all.

So when you pull up to your local watering hole and simultaneously your windshield shatters and your eardrums break, you know that there's a hot game going on inside. So either get ready to play or leave your wallet in the glove compartment.

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